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CONCERNING "THE YEOMAN OF THE WARDROBE."

Malvolio: There's example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Twelfth Night II. 5. 44.

All efforts to throw light on the allusion contained in these lines have been confined to attempts to discover the prototype of the lady of the Strachy. Numerous emendations have been suggested, such as Duchy, Starchy, Stitchery, and I know not how many more. All these, however, are explanations in which nothing is explained; and the subject is still as obscure as it was when Hanmer opened the discussion over a century and a half ago. Accordingly the attempt is made herein to approach the inquiry from a different standpoint—that of the yeoman of the wardrobe—and to see if it be possible to discover the identity of the person thus alluded to. That the poet had in mind some specific person, possibly some prominent character, is clear from his use of the definite article: *the* yeoman of the wardrobe. This view would be strengthened the more could it be shown that the dramatist, through the words he has given to Malvolio, was possibly indulging in a sly hit at the personage in question. For, by predicating that a satirical shaft had thus been directed, which would have been understood and appreciated by an Elizabethan audience, we give point to Malvolio's remark. It then becomes what we should now-a-days call a local "hit." On the other hand, if we are content to believe that the lady and the yeoman were merely vague, shadowy characters, it is clear that we credit Malvolio, in his attempt to justify his desired alliance with Olivia, with making a comparison based upon no definite incident, and one, therefore, that was apropos of nothing.

The late Mr. Fleay gave it as his opinion that the Shakespeare plays were first produced at court. Whether this be true

or not, there can be little doubt as to the character of the audiences for which the plays were intended—audiences composed of the élite of London. This is so evident from the character of the dramas themselves that the point need not be further labored. Hence, in examining this topical allusion we shall be more likely to be successful in our inquiry if guided by this fact. But, in a search for any prominent person living in Elizabethan times who had married above his station, we are met by the fact that no such mésalliance took place—or, at least, none of such prominence as to allow the cross-gartered gull making use of it as the basis of his comparison. A long line of critics has been able to discover no contemporary event of this kind. And the only alternative to giving up the problem as hopeless appears to be that of looking for some yeoman of the wardrobe who married at a period earlier than that which we are now considering, but at a date not so remote as to be out of the ken of the members of the court living at the close of the sixteenth century, when the play was written. The suggestion I have to present is, that the allusion in Twelfth Night was to the marriage of Richard Cecil, the father of William Cecil Lord Burghley, which took place some time prior to 1520, the year in which Lord Burghley was born.

It may possibly be a surprise to some to learn that Burghley's forbears were probably of obscure extraction. Burghley himself made laborious efforts to establish a line of descent from the ancient family of Sitselt. The Rev. Augustus Jessopp, in his article on Burghley in the Dict. Natl. Biog. IX. 406. states: "Though immense pains were taken to construct a long pedigree of the (Cecil) family by no less a person than Camden the antiquary, and though Cecil himself spared no effort to prove his descent from an ancient stock of notable personages, it has hitherto proved impossible, and probably will always remain so, to trace the origin of the family further back than the great statesman's grandfather, David Cecil." Dr. Jessopp repeats this statement—in effect—in his contribution to the "Historical Monograph, William Cecil Lord Burghley" (London. T. C. and E. C. Jack, 1904.) In the same monograph Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies informs us, in his comprehensive Genealogy of the Cecil family, that (italics mine):—"There are many Cecil pedigrees in existence *all dating from a period contemporary with the lifetime of the great Lord Burghley*, who was somewhat of a genealogist himself. These all attribute to the Cecil family a descent from a Sitselt or Sitsell, who in 1091 received lands in Wales from Robert Fitz Hamon, the pedigree being traced through the Family of Sitsilt of Altyrennes, Co Hereford. These pedigrees have never been

disproved . . . at the same time the descent is not now capable of proof." Accordingly this authority states that "the undoubted genealogy of the Cecil family must commence as under David Syssell or Cyssell of Stamford" the grandfather of Burghley; and he so begins it. Concerning this David Cecil Mr. Fox-Davies further writes:—"The descent (from the ancient family) was doubted in Burghley's lifetime, for his enemies twitted him that his grandfather 'kept the best inn in Stamford' and the first Lord Exeter (Burghley's son) seems to have been by no means certain on the point." Confirming this uncertainty on the part of Lord Exeter I find a query and a reply thereto in the Northamptonshire Notes and Queries, Vol. I. p. 98. and Vol. III. p. 47. headed "The Grandson of a Sieve-Maker," as follows:— "Amongst the Harleian M.S.S. (374, pencil folio 32,) in the British Museum is a letter from Thomas Cecyll Earl of Exeter, to Hugh Allington, Esq., dated from London 13, November, 1605, acquainting him that some had called his brother, the Earl of Salisbury, "The Grandson of a Sieve-Maker," which expression he thought a reflection upon himself." He continues, requesting Allington to make searches and to gather what information he can, and adds some data and arguments of his own, in rebuttal. This reputed Sieve-Maker, be it noted, was David Cecil's son Richard, the father of Burghley; of this Richard more anon. In the reply by Mr. J. England Ewen to the foregoing (l. c.) there is an extract from a copy of Powell's History of Cambria with marginal M.S. notes, rather too long to quote. It ends with a foot-note M.S.: "David (i. e. David Cecil, Burghley's grandfather,) kept a shop on London Bridge, growing rich bought a Sergeant at —— Here the M.S. is cut through by the binder; one line cannot be deciphered." Concerning Burghley's father, Richard Cecil, we learn from Collins' English Peerage, (3. 155.) that in 34 Henry VIII he was Yeoman of the Wardrobe. In Strickland's Queen Elizabeth the authoress tells us that Parsons the Jesuit stated that Burghley "was the son of an operative tailor." Miss Strickland adds the following note:—"The highest preferment his (i. e. Burghley's) father Richard Cecil ever obtained was yeoman of the robes; he had previously served Henry VIII and Edward VI in some wardrobe vocation, but whether he had ever handled shears and needle according to the statement of Parsons must remain matter of speculation." Richard Cecil—the yeoman of the wardrobe—married, circa 1519, Jane the daughter and heiress of William Heckington, of Bourne, Lincolnshire. The name is found in Lincolnshire as far back as the thirteenth century. This heiress "brought her husband" says Dr. Jessopp, "the splendid estate of Burghley," and it was from this estate that their son

William Cecil the Lord Treasurer derived his title; he being "the only son of an only son, and heir to a lordly estate."

Although there is evidence to show that the forbears of Burghley held a position of more importance than the foregoing accounts would indicate —Richard Cecil having been high sheriff of his shire and constable of Warwick Castle—nevertheless it is evident that Burghley was a man of ordinary extraction—to use the words of one writer,—and it is clear that at the time Twelfth Night was written stories were current regarding his immediate progenitors of which the four given above, crediting them with having been innkeepers, sieve-makers, storekeepers and tailors have come down to us. It is rather surprising that so much testimony to this effect is extant; for, in view of the immense power of Elizabeth's Prime Minister, there must have been an element of danger in publishing reports so derogatory to his family. "I have heard much" said Sir John Harrington, referring to a wholly different subject, "but wiser he who repeateth nothing thereof."

In view of the foregoing, I submit that there are valid reasons for believing that the prototype of the yeoman of the wardrobe whom the lady of the Strachy married was Richard Cecil, the father of Lord Burghley. That he was a yeoman of the wardrobe is certain. That he was not a member of the aristocracy—to say the least—is equally clear. That he married a lady who was an heiress to "a lordly estate" and who belonged to a family long settled in Lincolnshire, would make Malvolio's comparison entirely appropriate. But the strongest argument, in my judgment, is that this interpretation gives point to the steward's otherwise pointless words, and gives a certain flavor to the allusion that would have been appreciated by many of the courtiers hearing it—especially by those of the anti-Cecil faction, to which faction the poet appears to have belonged. The Cecils, father and son, were men who stopped at little in the accomplishment of their ends. There were noblemen in England, many with royal blood in their veins, whose prosperity and even welfare depended upon the will of these dispensers of royal favors. Some of them had felt the heavy hand of Burghley in years gone by. And we can readily imagine that many of these men of rank, (remembering, as they did, the comparatively obscure origin of Burghley and his son, upon whose shoulders his mantle had fallen) would highly relish, at the performance of this play, any such delicately barbed shaft shot directly into the Cecil blood as was embodied in the veiled allusion that fell from the lips of the absurd Malvolio—the "fellow of servants," as Maria called him in her letter.

HENRY PEMBERTON, JR.

TEXTUAL CRITICISM IN THE LAND WHERE IT IS ALWAYS AFTERNOON.

The occasion was the production at The Globe on the Bankside of a Drama by those two veteran collaborative Stylists—John Heminge and Henry Condell (afterwards Tapster and Greengrocer, respectively, of London town). The Drama is admitted to be founded upon the Ur-Hamlet of the late William Kyde, subject of those familiar lines

> My name was William Kyd, as I sailed, as I sailed,
> My name was William Kyd as I sailed,
> My name was William Kyd, and God's laws I did forbid—
> And so wickedly I did, as I sailed!

And when much interest was of course felt in this wickedness of the late Mr. Kyd I suspect that these two worthies being small shareholders in the Globular—had rather "papered" the house! For mine own part I had, indeed, undertaken to pirate this play for Cuthbert Burby to print in Broadside—but opportunity was wanting to slip into an unobserved spot for the performing of the same. For on arriving I found His Grace the Bishop Warburton, the stern browed Theobold, the twisted little poet Pope (a haughty Pope and a rebellious Bishop ever at swords points). The ponderous Dr. Johnson, the tricksy Puck Georgie Steevens (who planted his most risque and naughtiest commentaries under the name of John Collins and Richard Ammen, two Reverend dissenting dominies whom he loveth neither overmuch nor respectfully) Edmond Malone with wig awry, brisk little Dr. Furnivall and others of less esteem, all ex pede Herculem tablets in hand crowded under a single cresset! The afternoon was heated and the Globular was something close—a certain necessity of burning the juniper being already apparent, and, sooth to say, I wished devoutly I was sitting over a tankard a musty ale at The Devil in Fleet Street. However I must make account of my time, and so seeing the learned Thebans about to address themselves to chopping up each other into mince meat, and perhaps, incidentally the Heminge Condell play, I drew forth by tablets and did note their commentary as followeth!

(By the way, The Globular is said to be operated by Southampton Essex and that sort, though their Graces don't appear in the Management. William Shakespeare is the name that is hoisted, and be he whom he may, it must be admitted that he is running to full houses! The excellent matter

he mounts, some say, is owing to the fact that he keeps a Poet! (It is even rumored that Marlowe himself was not killed by Archer, but is living somewhere up over the flys, and making plays for the Globe, though the bailiffs must be well tipped indeed to not be wise thereto, if it be true. However, noble lords can contrive to their liking). Frankie Bacon—son of the old Lord Keeper is seen now and then entering at the stage door. And when any law stuff is spoken by an actor certain of us wink and whisper "Franky certes!" There is some "pull" somewhere! Franky's mother, the lady Ann, either will not or cannot stand for the gold lace and glitter that Franky carrieth, and there must be somewhat some where to pay the fiddler!

IF DAD WILL GET IT FRANK'D—

An ingenious friend has suggested to me, that for "get it frank'd" we should read "frank it." Polonius, it must be remembered, was a privy-counsellor, and consequently enjoyed the privilege of franking ex officio.

POPE.

Notwithstanding the plausibility of this suggestion, the present reading may be the right one. In a "Tretys offe Fraunckynge," bl. let. 1589, Syr Edouarde Gulle is noticed as "destraynt offe hys Fraunckes for divres unduetyfulle Libertys ynne ye useage thereoffe." pp. 1342-3. At is happened in the time of our author, may not this be a satirical allusion to the circumstance?

STEEVENS.

MY EYE AND TOMMY.

This is rather an obscure phrase. I suspect the author wrote "My own to me," and that the passage originally stood thus:—

"But I have that without you can't take from me,
As my black clothes are all my own to me."

The whole passage, which before was unintelligible, is, by this slight alteration, rendered perfectly clear, and may be thus explained:— You disapprove of my outward appearance, but you cannot compel me to alter it; for you have no control over that which I wear without, as my black

clothes are all my own to me—i. e. my personal property—not borrowed from the Royal wardrobe, but made expressly for me, and at my own expense.

WARBURTON.

Here is an elaborate display of ingenuity without accuracy. He that will wantonly sacrifice the sense of his author to a supererogatory refinement, may gain the admiration of the unlearned, and excite the wonder of the ignorant; but of obtaining the praise of the illuminated, and the approbation of the erudite, let him despair.

My eye and Tommy (i. e. fudge) is the true reading, and the passage, as it stands, is correct.

JOHNSON.

In the Ryghte Tragycall History of Master Thomas Thumbe, bl. let., no date, I find, "'Tis all my eye and Betty Martin" used in the same sense. If the substitution of "Tommy" for "Betty Martin" be allowed, Dr. Johnson's explanation is just.

STEEVENS.

CHEER UP—

From what follows (No more foul weather), it occurs to me that our author intended a perfect, and very beautiful, metaphor from the weather, which the present reading has totally destroyed: if, instead of cheer up, we read "clear up," it will be restored.

MALONE.

I was for some time of Mr. Malone's opinion; but a serious reconsideration of the arguments upon which it was founded, has convinced me of its fallacy. Cheer up is so frequently used by the King, as to leave but little doubt of its being one of his Danish Majesty's cant phrases.

STEEVENS.

(C) MY DEAR, TAKE MY BELCHER.

I question whether Belchers were known in Denmark as early as the time of Hamlet. I have submitted the passage to my washerwoman who agrees with me that this is an evident anachronism.

JOHNSON.

In a very old bl. let. Detaille of ye Workes of ye Loome, I find men-

tion of "BELLE-CHERE, a Kerchief (so called, because of its Beautie and of ytts Dearnesse) used only by Folke of Degree." With greater propriety might Dr. Johnson have doubted the existence of Umbrellas in Denmark.

STEEVENS.

QUIZZING)—

From the verb "to quiz," i. e. to make game. Respecting the derivation of this verb, our best etymologists are undecided; and so am I.

JOHNSON.

CHEER—

The folio reads chear.

POPE.

Mr. Pope is, I think, incorrect. I have consulted, not only all the folios, but also all the quartos, octavos, and duodecimos extant, and find that they concur in reading cheer. As I consider this a point of too much importance to be left in uncertainty, I have been the more careful in my examination of it.

STEEVENS.

I'M SITTING UPON PINS AND NEEDLES—

I suppose that corking-pins are here intended. I once had a very strong reason for this supposition; but it has unfortunately escaped my memory.

THEOBALD.

The ingenious Mr. Theobald is wrong in his conjecture. If a distinction was at all intended, it certainly must have been in favour of blanket-pins. In the catalogue of the curious and valuable collection of Lord Montgomery, article 19,375, is "an antique bronze, representing the Genius of Irritability seated upon blanket-pins;" to which it is probable our author is indebted for his forcible figure, till then I'm sitting upon pins and needles.

STEEVENS.

The caprice of conjecture, puerile and impertinent, can only be vanquished by the overwhelming force of fact. Weak, frivolous, and imbecile, I shall dismiss Mr. Theobald without a comment: the puissant lion, exulting in his prowess, and secure in his strength, ranges the desert regardless

of the innocuous mouse. Unfortunately for the suggestion of Mr. Steevens, the collection of Lord Monty was not formed until long after the death of our poet. As a mere illustration of the passage, it may be sufficient to remark, "that sitting upon pins and needles" is to this day used, in the more elegant and graver sort of compositions, as an expression of impatience.

JOHNSON.

WHAT'S THE ROW?

I have ventured to restore this from the old copies: in the latter ones I find, what now?

STEEVENS.

NEEDS MUST—

The remainder of this old proverb is preserved in the pathetic ballad of the "Two Louer theyr melancolie Partynge."—Dr. Humbug's Reliques, Vol. 94:

"To leave thee here, mie Alys dere,
"Fulle sone ye tyme arryveth;
"Drie uppe yat tere, my Alys dere,
"Needs must when the Devil dryveth."

Rosencrantz means thus: 'We (Guildenstern and myself) have no alternative; were we to refuse attendance upon your mere invitation, you could then compel it by the interposition of the royal authority.'

MALONE.

HE'S UP TO SNUFF.

This is highly figurative. To snuff up is to scent. Guildenstern says:

'——— he knows well enough
'The game we're after: Zooks, he's up to snuff:"

that is, he has got scent of the game we are in pursuit of. The metaphor, which is striking and apposite, is borrowed from the Chase.

WARBURTON.

Without having recourse to a far-fetched explanation, I choose to understand the passage in its common acceptation: The game we're after means nothing more than the trick by which we are endeavouring to worm from him his secret; but which, as he is up to snuff, i. e. as he is a knowing one, he will, assuredly, render inefficacious.

JOHNSON.

I FEAR HE'LL BITE—

The late abrupt visit of Hamlet to Ophelia was certainly sufficient to impress her with an idea of his madness, powerful and terrific; but whether there was any physical cause for her apprehension of a dentrifical attack, is not very evident. During the exauctoration of the mental powers, a dog will bite; a cat will claw and expectorate; a bull, with an impulsion of its head, sudden and violent, will commit the miserable victim of its fury to the air; but man, destitute of their weapons, or, possessing them, impotent and ineffective, would do neither; prudently resorting to the arms with which nature has furnished him, his attack would be either manual or pedestrious.

JOHNSON.

This opinion of Dr. Johnson is sanctioned by the authority of one of our later poets:

"To kick is human, but to bite, canine."

STEEVENS.

RECITATIVE (ACCOMPANIED) AND DUETT.

This, and all that follows to the end of the scene, is in almost all the old copies, (for what reason I know not,) omitted. By restoring it, I remove the langour under which, destitute of a pathetic love-scene, the play has hitherto laboured.

AS ONE MAY MEET WITH IN A SUMMER'S DAY—

This is surely no flattering compliment to Horatio: it is branding him, in unequivocal language, with the opprobrious appellation of a fair-weather friend. Our author meant, and I have no doubt wrote, in a sombre day;" a dark, dreary day.

I cannot assent to Mr. Theobald's emendation. A summer's day is correct, and is here opposed to a day in winter, not as it is fairer but as it is *longer*. The poet's meaning is, 'You are as tight a lad as one may meet with, amongst the vast number of men that it is likely one may encounter, in the course of a summer-day's journey, when the days are at their extreme length, and reckoning from sun-rise to sun-set.

WARBURTON.

THAT'S ALL GAMMON—

It is probable that the author intended "game, man!" By "game" may be understood "fudge," or "blarney." When we recollect that many of our author's plays were taken down in writing during the performance, and consider that the copyists may have been misled by the indistinct articulation of the actors, the error may be easily accounted for.

POPE.

The passage, as it stands, is correct, and, to me, appears perfectly intelligible: "that's all gammon" is equivalent to 'that's all my eye.'

Mr. Pope, not readily understanding the passage, seems willing to plunge it still deeper into an abyss or unintelligibility; like him who, deprived of the organs of vision, excludes the light from his chamber, and immerses it in impenetrable tenebrosity, in order that his visitors may partake of, and be involved in, that obscurity, under which he himself is doomed to suffer.

JOHNSON.

SINCE I COULD TELL A DRAY-HORSE FROM A PONY—

From this passage we are enabled to form a tolerably accurate idea of the time of the commencement of Hamlet's intimacy with Horatio. Children of a very early age are acquainted with objects only in the general: to them, the stallion, the gelding, and the mare, the racer, the dray-horse, and the hack, are known only by the general term of horse; it is only through the medium of experience that they learn to distinguish and arrange particulars. Hence it appears, that Hamlet chose Horatio as his friend, when about six years of age—when experience had taught him to "tell a dray-horse from a pony."

WARBURTON.

WE BEG YOU'LL GIVE US GRACE AND TIME—

For us, "grace, or indulgence;" for our pantomime, the "time" requisite for its performance.

This exquisite prologue stands unrivalled. Unlike similar compositions of our own times, it neither fatigues by a dull and formal prolixity, nor disgusts by a reiteration of hopes, and doubts, and fears, frivolous and unavailing. Laconic and forcible, it demands nothing but that which it is entitled to claim,—time and attention; and, wisely considering that a good play can have no foundation more secure than its own merit, and that a whining prologue cannot prejudice a judicious audience in favour of a bad one, whatever is servile or impertinent it properly rejects. Like the Apollo of the Vatican, let this prologue be revered as the master-piece of its art; whose beauties the meanest artist may imitate, but the most exalted dare not hope to equal.

JOHNSON.

This prologue is a very close imitation of the celebrated prologue to "Gonzago and Baptista," which, even in the hands of our author, has been improved in no respect but in brevity:

"For us, and for our Tragedie,
"Here, stopeyng to your clemencie,
"We beg your hereyng patientlie."

STEEVENS.

THE DUMB SHOW.

Some of the later editions have it, "The Melo-Drame;" but it is evidently an alteration of some modern editor, emanating from incogitancy. The melo-drame, which was neither tragedy, nor comedy, nor opera, nor farce, nor pantomime, but a barbarious and an unnatural combination of all, was unknown in the time of our poet; the climax of theatrical licentiousness, it remained to be introduced in a later time, when our stage had arrived at a state the most abject and degraded. We, who live in an age when the theatre is dignified and adorned by a Ben Jonson and a Shakespeare with a copious range of drama for the display of their exalted talents, have but little cause to fear the re-admission of this monstrous abortion of dramatic libertinism: that it would be tolerated by an audience, sensible and judicious, it were absurd to suppose.

JOHNSON.

ROW—

A breeze; a kick-up.

JOHNSON.

I find this word used, in the same sense, in an old ballad, (which no doubt, was within our author's knowledge), called Molle in ye Wadde. bl. let. 1564:

"Molle in ye Wadde and I felle outte,
"And what doe you thinke it was aboutte,
"She wanted monnie—I had nonne,
"And that's ye waie ye row begun." [began.]

STEEVENS.

JUMP O'ER A BROOMSTICK—

We might, with more propriety, read mop-stick: but, as I do not approve of alterations unsupported by authority, or of emendations, captious and arbitrary, I leave the text as I found it.

JOHNSON.

"Broomstick is certainly right. The allusion is to an ancient custom, noticed in Quiz'em's Chronicles, printed by Stephen Typpe, at the sign of the Catte and Fiddelle, London, 1598, bl. let.. and entered in the books of the Stationers' Company, November, 1598.

"——— And ye bryde and ye brydegroome, not Handyely fyndeing "a Parson, and being in grievous hayst to bee wed; they did take a Broome-"stycke, and they did jumpe from one syde of ye Broome-stycke over ye "other syde thereof; and having so done, they did thinke them lawfulle "Man and Wyffe."

STEEVENS.

MAD AS BUTTER IN THE SUN.

Amongst the popular superstitions is one, that butter is mad twice a year; that is to say, in summer, when its liquidability renders it tenable only in a spoon; and, in winter, when, no longer intenerate, by its inflexible viscosity, it obstinately resists the knife.

JOHNSON.

THOU'LT SWEETLY TICKLE THIS YOUNG JOCKEY'S MUTTON—

The quarto reads, and, I think, properly. "pickle."

POPE.

I have restored tickle from the folio. In rejecting pickle, I am supported by the context; for, who ever heard of pickled mutton? As a further proof, if (in support of a point established in reason, and beyond the reach of controversy) further proof be necessary, let me produce the adverbial epithet sweetly; for that which is pickled is never sweet, as the distinguishing property of a pickle is its power of extimulating on the palate a sensation of acidity.

To "tickle one's mutton" is a popular expression; and means, to punish by flagellation.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson may be right: for in no one of the numerous Works upon Cookery, either antient or modern, which I have refered to, do I find the slightest mention of pickled mutton.

My inquiries into this important subject, though equally diligent in the prosecution, have been less successful in the result, than my investigation of that more delicate topic—stewed prunes: which flatter myself, I have (in another place) so fully, and so satisfactorily, discussed, as to set all further question upon the matter at rest.

STEEVENS.

PEGGY TOMKINS—

Some of the modern editions read Peggy Perkins: but as the change was, most likely, unauthorized, and made merely for the sake of alliteration, I follow the old copies.

STEEVENS.

MY COACH—THREE THIRTY-FIVE—

This is an exquisite touch of nature. Ophelia is now wavering between sense and insanity: she calls, first, for one coach; and then for three hundred and thirty-five coaches.

WARBURTON.

This I allow to be an exquisite touch of nature: but by the illustration which the Right Reverend has attempted, its force is obstructed and its

beauty obscured. "Three thirty-five" is, evidently, the number of the hackney-coach which brought Ophelia to the Palace. Here the poet has given an instance of his unbounded knowledge of human nature. In a short interval of lucidity Ophelia calls for her coach; and then, regardless of the presence of the Majesty of Denmark, she calls for it by its number, 335. This is madness pathetic and interesting: had she, as Dr. Warburton erroneously supposes, called for three hundred and thirty-five coaches, it would have been a representation of madness too terrific for exhibition on the stage. Madness is agreeable only until it becomes outrageous.

JOHNSON.

ROPE OF ONIONS—

I do not understand this. May we not, with greater propriety read, a robe of onions? i. e. a fantastical garment ornamented with onions, in the same way as the dominions of masqueraders are sometimes studded with gingerbread nuts—a dress such as Ophelia's phrensy might naturally suggest to her.

POPE.

Rope is, undoubtedly, the true reading. A rope of onions is a certain number of onions, which, for the convenience of portability, are, by the market-women, suspended from a rope: not, as the Oxford editor ingeniously, but improperly, supposes, in a bunch at the end, but by a perpendicular arrangement.

For the hints afforded me in the formation of this note, and for those contained in note upon pickled mutton, I am indebted to my cook, who is celebrated at once for her literary acquirements and her culinary accomplishments.

JOHNSON.

TO BRING A ROPE OF ONIONS, ETC.

My reverend friend, John Collins, urges thus if we suppose that Ophelia addresses this to the king, we shall discover a peculiar propriety in its application. The king is represented as an intemperate drinker—Ophelia, who, doubtless, has some skill in uroscopy, applies this speech to the king, with reference to the diuretic quality of onions.

STEEVENS.

MILL HIM—

To mill is to whack, or to thump. See the Slang Dictionary, St. Gile's edition.

JOHNSON.

The Billingsgate edition of the Slang Dictionary, which in point of accuracy, I conceive to be the least exceptionable, explains it, to knuckle, or, to lather.

STEEVENS.

WE'RE BEWITCHED, 'TIS PLAIN—

Hamlet's meaning appears to me to be this: 'I know not how to account for the succession of calamities which has befallen us, otherwise than by supposing that we labour under the malevolent influence of witchcraft.'

JOHNSON.

TOWZER—

Probably the name of the royal watch-dog.

JOHNSON.

ANON HE'S PATIENT AS A HUNGRY MOUSER—

This passage is incorrect. I cannot understand how patience is characteristic of a hungry animal.

POPE.

The difficulty of this passage will be solved by supplying an apostrophe, which, doubtless, was intended to mark the elision of the a in hungry; and by substituting a capital H for a small one.

We must understand a Hungary (for Hungarian) mouser.

WARBURTON.

This emendation is so ingenious that I am sorry it is not just: for the passage, in its present state, is not only correct, but eminently beautiful. The Queen compares the patience of Hamlet to that which, after a long privation from food, is exhibited by a mouser whilst watching for its prey.

JOHNSON.

There is yet a beauty which Dr. Johnson has passed without notice. The Queen not only compares Hamlet's occasional patience to that of a

hungry mouser, but, at the same time, contrasts it with his paroxysms of ferocity, resembling the growlings of a watch-dog: whence it is common to say of two persons who live discordantly, that "they agree like cat and dog."

It may not be altogether uninteresting to the curious reader, to know that a "mouser" is a cat which is trained up for the purpose of killing RATS as well as mice. So in Chaucer's Romaunt de la Rose, ver. 6204:

"——— Gibbe, our cat,
"That waiteth mice and rats to killen."

STEEVENS.

THE TRUMPET'S TANTARARA, POST, SHALL SET OFF—

Either this passage is in itself a nonsensical rhapsody, or, partly through caprice, and partly the negligence of successive editors, it has been corrupted. By substituting a hyphen for the comma, between tantarara and post, we obtain a faint glimmering of its meaning; and even then it remains to discover what is meant by a tantarara-post.

THEOBALD.

The punctuation of this passage requires no alteration. Tantarara is a word imitative of the note of the trumpet, as *tattoo* is of beat of the drum. The trumpet's tantarara, post, shall set off, means the tantarara of the trumpet shall set off after (post) the loud tattoo of the drum.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has very far exceeded Mr. Theobald in his approaches towards the sense of this difficult passage; yet he has not quite hit the mark. Our poet, doubtless, intended, the trumpet's tantarara post (i. e. post-haste), shall set off; which renders the passage more poetical, and altogether, much finer than Dr. Warburton's common-place explanation of post.

STEEVENS.

Sir John Hawkins is of opinion that tan-ta-ra-ra is not exactly imitative of the note of the trumpet, which is, properly, tan-ta-ra-ra-ra; but Dr. Burney assures me that it was not until about the middle of the seventeenth century that this innovation in trumpetology was known; when it was introduced by one Hans Von Puffenblowenschwartz, trumpeter to the gallant Prince Rupert. Of this our author could not possibly have had any knowledge.

JOHNSON.

BREAD-BASKET—

This is poetical. Hamlet strikes Laertes in the stomach: the stomach being the depository for food (the pantry, as it were, of the human frame), it is metaphorically termed the bread-basket.

WARBURTON.

I'M DISH'D—

In culinary language, "to be dished" is to be served up; but, by a licentia poetica, "I'm dish'd" is here used for I'm served out.

WARBURTON.

So in another part of this play:

"That last cross-buttock dish'd me."

MALONE.

DASH MY WIG—

If I might hazard a conjecture upon this, I should suppose the Queen of Denmark wore a wig.

POPE.

Saxo-Grammaticus, Olaus Worminus, and all the old Danish writers, concur in stating that the Queen of Denmark wore a wig. As to its colour they are all silent; but they are at considerable variance respecting its shape: for, whilst some declare it to have been a Brutus, others as confidently assert that it was a Peruque á la Greque. I have consulted one hundred and fourteen thousand controversial tracts, (bl. let.) expressly upon the subject, and am still at a loss which side of the question to espouse. I shall, however, resume the inquiry, and communicate the result of my laborious researches to the literary world.

STEEVENS.

Whether the Queen of Denmark wore a Brutus or a Perruque á la Greque is a question which, at this distance of time, to determine were difficult, and which, if determined, would tend only to the gratification of an idle and impertinent curiosity; while the time bestowed upon the inquiry might be more usefully, more advantageously, and more beneficially employed, in improving the wigs which are worn by co-temporaneous heads, or in anticipating improvements for those which may be, hereafter, displayed on the heads of posterity.

JOHNSON.

'TIS ALL DICKEY WITH US BOTH—

The meaning of this is, the game is up with us; or, we have gone the length of our tether.

JOHNSON.

So in an old ballad called Gabriel Gubbyns hys Lamentation, bl. let. 1602:

"No more Larke I trowe.
"'Tis all Dyckye nowe,
"For I shall bee hangyt for coynynge."

STEEVENS.

I promised to die game; but I'll expose
That dirty scamp; for you am I a nose.

Nose, or nosey, is a term of reproach applied to one who impeaches his comrades for an offence, in the commission of which he has been concerned.

POPE.

This speech is deservedly celebrated for its admirable pathos. Laertes, at the point of death, feels his former friendship for Hamlet returning upon him in its fullest force: 'I promised,' says he, 'to die game; but, though I have forfeited my honour, by exposing that dirty scamp, (the king), do not you, Hamlet, despise me for my baseness; consider, it is for your sake that I am forsworn—for you am I a nose.' Who, that as a heart alive to the soft touch of sensibility, can read this tender address without emotion?—"For you am I a nose." How elegantly refined! How exquisitely pathetic!

WARBURTON.

This is a noble emendation, which almost sets the critic on a level with the author.

JOHNSON.

(R) I'M DEAD—AT LEAST I SHALL BE IN A MINUTE—

Thus the folio. The quarto reads,

I'm dead at last—or shall be in a minute.

POPE.

We might, without much violence, read and point thus:

I'm dead: at REST I shall be in a minute.

By "at REST" is meant "BURIED."

WARBURTON.

What authority Dr. Warburton has for this alteration I know not: and I am equally ignorant of his reasons for so unequivocally asserting, that "at rest" means "buried." Surely, when once the principle of vitality has quitted his frame, a man is as much at rest above ground as under. So feebly is he armed, that, in the present instance. I consider the reverend critic as an unequal adversary, and, therefore, scorn to meet him within the lists of controversy. Impotency demands our pity; but, when it affects Herculean muscularity, it but provokes our contempt. We disdain to punish, but we are bound to expose. Were the proposed reading admitted, we should make Hamlet positively announce his own death, and afterwards advert to his own funeral. But of this too much.

JOHNSON.

(S S S) — —— ———

To a literary friend of mine I am indebted for the following very acute observation: "Throughout this play," says he, "there is nothing more beau-"tiful than these dashes, by their gradual elongation, they distinctly mark "the balbuciation and the increasing difficulty of utterance observable in a "dying man." To which let me add, that, although dashes are in frequent use with our tragic poets, yet they are seldom introduced with so good an effect as in the present instance.

JOHNSON.

JACK FROST—

An elegant prosopopœia of cold.

WARBURTON.

"Jack Frost" is, I believe, a very powerful agent in the Scandinavian Mythology.—He is a personage of no little importance in many of the traditionary stories of the north.

MALONE.

"MY WATCH SAYS TWELVE—"

Horatio says, 'tis half past eleven at most. That Marcellus's watch indigitates the time more accurately than Horatio's is proved by the appear-

ance of the ghost; as it is well known that ghosts are never disincarcerated until midnight.

For a man to wear a good watch, may be neither a moral obligation, nor a physical necessity; yet he who, disdaining the equivocating offspring of Geneva, carries one whose motions are regulated with rigid scrupulosity, and whose information is delivered with oracular veracity, deserves praise, and merits commendation. JOHNSON.

It is evident that the learned lexicographer has not read my Introduction to the Leopold Shakespeare. Had he informed himself that this remark "my watch says twelve" was written in our great Dramatists Period of Greatest Depression, when the world seemed darkest and life not worth living—and so falls into the Unfit Nature or—Under Burden—Falling Group, he (the great lexicographer) would never have remarked that there may not be a moral obligation for a man to wear a good watch! Read my Babies Book of my Introduction to the Leopold Shakespeare (that old English Woodenhead—Hell-Phillipps bought three copies; said my stopt endings were the best ever—see my son Percival's Firsts, three regattas. Got every medal he went in for and lots he didn't go in for; that Leopold Introduction of mine is the only thing that ever touched the true dignity of the subject (I forget what subject it was, but Lee can tell you!) Those Bacon people are all crakt-folk anyhow—their tom-foolery is Infinite! You can't prove the Sonnets were not dedicated to Pembroke, the only bit of paper that proves they wern't I burnt up myself—so there! My friend Jones—great at Private Theatricals,—says of course they were dedicated to Southampton! The Germans know all about everything. Englishmen—except myself and my son Theopilus and my friend Jones, are all wrong about this. Whatever it is! The German word for Poet means "A Maker—one who makes!" Ergo—a man who makes watches is a Poet! (See any of my editions of Early English Texts! To really study Shakespeare, go watch the cows at Shottery swishing their tails!

FURNIVALL.

But at last the play is given o'er—the flag has dropped—and so here I go post haste to The Devil! JOHN POOL.

[Mr. Pool's fun with the commentators is very good fun indeed. But we protest in the case of Theobold. Not a single emendation of his has ever been rejected. No commentator that ever lived has thrown so much light upon Shakespeare or placed so many readers in his debt as Lewis Theobald —EDITORS NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.]

Marginalia

Magna est Simplicitas et prevalebit! An effigy of Shakespeare in mulberry wood (of course the original mulberry wood!) was sold at Southby's London auction room in July, 1909 for Two thousand two hundred and five dollars to "an American Gentleman." It was asserted, in verification or stimulation of this extraordinary sale to "an American Gentleman," that there had always been a rumor in Stratford-on-Avon that such a "statuette of Shakespeare, in mulberry wood, fifteen inches tall," existed. We suppose that this "rumour" had always "existed" in the most privileged circles only, since its existence appears to have been a secret carefully guarded from writers of books on Shakespeare Iconography, or biographers of Shakespeare generally! However now that this always existant but unknown rumour has come to light in time to run up the sale of the statuette to twenty-five hundred American dollars, it is entitled to the dignity of print, as follows: "Originally the property of Shakespeare's sister, Joan, it is said to possess an unbroken record down to the present day. It is held to be corroborative of the likeness of the bust by Gerard Johnson in Stratford Church. For many years an eccentric old woman, a recluse, who recently died, had secreted the statuette in a cupboard. She had a house in the country, said to be literally filled with curios of value and desirable paintings. The statuette was at one time sold by order of the executors of "the late Thomas Hornby, Esq., of King's Thorpe," a grandson of Widow Hornby, into whose possession it came at her death. Originally it was the property of the Hart family, descendants of Shakespeare's sister, Joan, and so remained until 1793. The then owner, Thomas Hart, fifth in direct line from Shakespeare's sister, directed his relative, Thomas Hornby, to take this and other family relics belonging to the poet, rent the house at Stratford where he was born, and exhibit them. He lived there until his death in 1820, when, owing to increase of rent, his widow left and took a house almost opposite, where the statuette and other relics continued to be shown. At her decease the statuette was purchased by the family of the late owner, by whom it was kept close, and thus it had passed out of minds and records as something of historical and sentimental value that had been lost." Our frontispiece shows that at least the statuette is ugly enough to be contem-

porary. But if genuine, it ought to dispose of the question of the authenticity of the so-called "Becker" Death-mask. Even in 1616, no artist aware of so dignified and distinguished a face as preserved in effigy by that could or would have dared to conjecture it so ridiculously—and no relative of the Harts would have permitted it to survive!

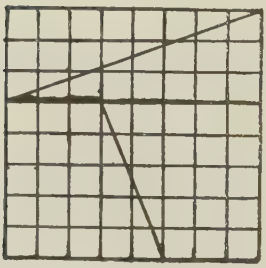
Our London Contemporary "Baconiana" Cheerfully Announces in its issue of July, 1909, the discovery of three (3) more Baconian ciphers in Shakespeare—bringing the grand total to date to seventeen. At this all orthodox Shakespeareans will duly rejoice! Every one such idiocy disproves, not only itself, but the possibility of any of the others. Since, however, a weak mind here or there might be deluded into accepting one "cipher," no human brain is quite defective enough to accept several or seventeen in one and the same material.

We doubt if "Baconiana" could have selected a neater way to explode the Bacon authorship theory! To assert or assume that the intellect that wrote "Shakespeare," occupied itself with "nicking itself like a fool"—with inserting trivial and feeble legomachies in its own literature, ought to settle these matters forever! Were "Baconiana" loyal to Lord Bacon, it could hardly, we think, show its loyalty better than by denouncing these incessant attempts to make Lord Bacon ridiculous. If one's hero has a weakness his worshippers ought surely to do their best to conceal that weakness. Not Cæsar's friends but Cæsar's enemies it were that proposed to adjourn the Senate until Cæsar's wife had better dreams!

As for these foolish ciphers and puerile and silly acrostics—Bah—"who shall be wise whose talk is of oxen?" asks the Preacher? What scholar, otherwise tempted to examine the Baconian Theory as a serious literary problem, will expose himself to the risk of being associated—even in the remotest casualty—with these silly season cipherists? (for we notice that their results appear in or about the summer solstices.)

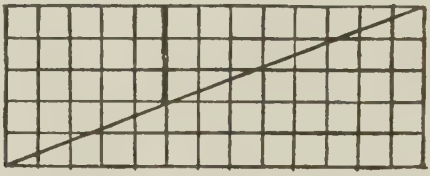
In One of the Chapters of His Autobiography Now Running in these pages Dr. Morgan asks how one can be sure of the answer to jesting Pilate's question "What is Truth?" When our very eyes deceive us as to an most familiar things. I am led to send to New Shakespeareana, apropos of Dr. Morgan's question, a curious graphic optical illusion. Here for example is an ordinary chessboard of sixty-four squares.

FIG. 1.



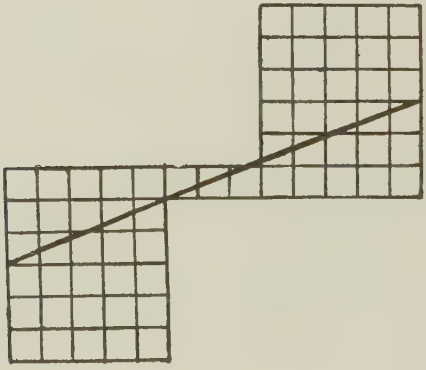
By cutting this chessboard along the shaded lines and arranging the four pieces as in figure 2.

FIG. 2.



We have, not sixty-four, but SIXTY-FIVE squares. But this is not all! By again arranging these four pieces—as in Figure 3, we have, not sixty-four or sixty-five—but SIXTY-THREE squares:

FIG. 3.



It seems to me a good object lesson to the gentlemen who claim to find absolute and unfallable arrangements of words in the Shakespeare plays—placed there three centuries ago—to show them that anybody can in an instant draw a diagram upon paper (Fig. 1) which, when cut into four pieces can be so arranged as to be either more or less than what they themselves drew. F. B. C.

"I HAVE OBSERVED," SAID DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI, THAT SHAKESPEARE'S metaphorical style—though for the most part as inimitable by poets of a high rank as a nightingale's note is inimitable by a skylark, or a skylark's note by a nightingale—can nevertheless be sometimes caught by poets whose rank is not high. Alexander Smith's case is a notable one in point. With a very brilliant fancy, but with less dramatic power, perhaps, than any considerable poet of his day, Smith could spin off blank verse sentences like this:—

My drooping sails,
Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent,
I rot upon the waters, when my prow
Should grate the golden isles.

To have been able to turn out a sentence so very like one of Shakespeare's own as that, a great poet like Coleridge would almost have given one of his ears. It is true, no doubt, that a great poet like Tennyson will sometimes be able to do it, as in

Authority forgets a dying king.

But this is on rare occasions. Brownnig could also do it, as in the famous allusion to the pearl-diver in Paracelsus, but this also is only once in a way. Neither of these really great writers could get so near to Shakespeare as Alexander Smith,—a curious fact to be noted in the criticism of English poetry.' . . . This reminds us of what the manager of a theatre once told us: that when he had nothing else at hand, had lost his star or his repertoire—he could always find somebody in his company that could "go on" for RIP VAN WINKLE!

WE COPY THIS BIT OF PATHOS FROM THE DRAMATIC MIRROR OF MAY 1ST, 1909. Past my shoulder at a performance last week there whispered

some amiable cosmopolites. They talked of Richard Mansfield and their voices were lowered as they uttered his name.

"He was a great man," said one of them. "I saw him—the human side of him—that few know. How he loved the play for the play's sake. I've been with him on his yacht when he would go away at noon with a 'Excuse me, old man, there's a line in a play that's bothering me.' And he wouldn't come back till sunset, looking tired."

"'Did you get it?' I would ask. 'I don't know, old man,' he would say, sadly. 'That's the blackness of the cloud. We never know. We can only try until we think perhaps we have it.' He used to go away on his yacht alone for four or five days just working out something like that. He was very fond and proud of his boy, George Gibbs. Once when he was having a hard tussle with a line he said, 'I'll get George Gibbs to read it for me. He's only ten, but he'll read it right. Children are the best actors. They know. We are all good actors when we are children, but, as we grow up, we forget. We forget!'"

We are without words to express our great grief at the death in St. Louis on May 13th, 1900, of Edward Merton Dey, the Hon. Librarian of The New York Shakespeare Society, and for eight years an associate editor of New Shakespeareana. Mr. Dey was a young man, forty-seven, at his death. But his life had been full of accomplishment. For twenty years he was private secretary of the General Passenger Agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway System, and later became General Advertising Agent of all the "Gould" Railroads. Mr. Dey's recreation was Shakespeare. He left bibliographical and biographical problems to others. But his special field was that of the Cruces Shakespeareana, and he spent his un-business hours over them! New Readings had a fascination for him, and he did not let old readings alone simply because they were accepted. The finer the shade of a possible meaning, the better his enjoyment! And if, as his search often led him, he found himself too far afield—nobody was happier than he if somebody harked him back to safer neighborhoods! He had no forensic tastes to defend—and no personal pride of originating—a reading! He loved the quest for the quest's sake, and would pick a reading of his own suggesting to pieces quite as quickly as another's. The bibliographies printed in the German Society's "Jahrbuch" and the indexes of the London "Notes and Queries," as well as the Department of Textual Criticism in New Shakespeareana, bear witness to his industry, and he more than once

wrote us apologetically (as if it were a thing not to be proud of) that there were whole pages of the "Jahrbuch," of entries listed as "E. Merton Dey!" With but a single exception, he was the largest financial contributor to this Quarterly's finances at its start, and to him no small share of its success is due. His frank and sunny face, and his winning manners brought him countless warm and faithful friends. Of memories of many friendships his colleague who pens this faint tribute treasures the memory of none more than of this earnest, faithful, true hearted gentleman, whom none knew but to love or named but to praise! [A. M.]

Hon. Charles E. Phelps, a life member of the New York Shakespeare Society since 1889, and author of that unique work, "Falstaff and Equity," and for more than twenty-five years a Judge of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore city, died at his home in Walbrook on the morning of December 27th, 1908, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

He was a graduate of Princeton University and of the Law School of Harvard University and began practiice at the Baltimore City Bar in 1855.

At the breaking out of the Civil War he accepted a commission as lieutenant-colonel in the Seventh Regiment of Maryland Volunteers, of which he afterwards became colonel, although most of his Baltimore associates were mostly of the opposite faction at that momentous period in our History. He served in the army with great gallantry and distinction, receiving promotion for conspicuous courage, and having been seriously wounded in May, 1864, was promoted a brigadier-general.

While upon the Bench he was chosen, in 1884, by the Faculty of Law of the University of Maryland to the chair of "Equity Jurisprudence, Pleading and Practice," and held for twenty-three years the attention of the students by his attractiveness and force of his lectures. He wrote a work, "Juridical Equity," which is of distinguished merit. During the same period he wrote the fascinating book entitled "Falstaff and Equity," which originally appeared in Shakespeareana—the predecessor of this Quarterly, and was published in book form in Boston (Houghton-Mifflin & Co, 1901). In this remarkable book Judge Phelps announced his conviction that the regular phrase used by Falstaff, "There's no Equity stirring," could only have been intelligible as a localism—there must have been some current use at that time of the word "Equity" for Falstaff to have used it apropos des bottes! On the strength of this hint Judge Phelps went deeply into current matters at the date of the Play in which the expression was used by Falstaff, and the discoveries he made our readers are familiar with. In

brief, there was a famous case being tried at about that time—the Throckmorton case—and sundry suspicions that influences from high circles had corrupted the court were not wanting, were in fact popularly discussed. The book was one more of those invaluable works which, proceeding from independent scholarship, throw so much light upon our actual knowledge of Shakespeare—though the facts they prove never get into the biographies written by the professional Shakespeareans. (This, indeed, is one of the marvels of the "professional" Shakespearean's vocation, who appears to-day, and always has appeared, to consider it unprofessional—to admit into a biography of Shakespeare anything that he can't find in Edmond Malone!) At his funeral Judge Phelps's colleague, Chief Justice Harlan of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, said:

He stood for culture and refinement, for scholarship, for purity in public and private life, for righteousness and justice, for cheerfulness and rational enjoyment, for fidelity to duty, for honor, for integrity, for Christian character.

He brought to the performance of the duties of the judicial office native ability; an accurate and thorough knowledge of the history and principles of our jurisprudence, legal and equitable; a clear insight into the springs of human action; a richly stored and an impartial mind; a ready comprehension; a dignified, though somewhat stern, presence; a strong sense of justice; a desire to hear fully, to investigate thoroughly, to decide correctly; an inflexible purpose to ascertain truth, to maintain the right, to protect the oppressed, to detect and punish wrong; a patience that was unwearied, a courtesy that was unfailing.

The Society also records with great regret the death at Honolulu, Hawaii, May 29th, 1909, the death of Starr Hoyt Nichols, Esq. Mr. Nichols was graduated at Yale College in the class of 1834. He entered the pulpit of the Unitarian Church but, like Moncure Conway, found that his own preaching did not satisfy himself. He then sought the Anglican pulpit. But he remained there (as he once said) "so short a time that he did not do it justice." He then left all theological connection and sat in the seats of the scornful. He was an universal doubter—not forgetting to doubt that Shakespeare wrote the Plays! But as Goethe said, "it is better to believe something," and he admitted that he missed much that his lost Faith had taken away! In a communication to his class at Harvard he sketched his life, concluding: "I have found the world interesting and should like to remain in it consid-

erably longer than I am likely to." But he seems to have changed his mind at seventy-five—when, in a fit of lonesomeness, or the aberration it brought, he took chloroform and brought his strange eventful history to an end in mere oblivion. He had many friends, for his brilliant and never caustic wit made him admirers everywhere, and there are many who will miss him now that his lips are dumb—and his seat at their banquets empty.

Books Received

351. A Life of William Shakespeare. With portraits and Fac similes. By Sidney Lee. New and Revised Edition [1909]. 12mo., cloth, pp. vliii, 496. New York: The Macmillan Company.

352. A History of Literary Criticism in The Renaissance. By J. E. Spingarn, Adjunct Professor of Comparative Literature in Columbia University. Second Edition. Revised and Augmented. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 350. New York: The Macmillan Company.

353. The Temple Shakespeare Lexicon and Concordance. Cloth, sq. 16mo, pp. 273. New York: Macmillan Company. 45 cents.

354. Is Shakespeare Dead? From my autobiography. By Mark Twain. Cloth, 12mo., 150. New York: Harper & Brothers.

355. A New Light on the Renaissance. Displayed in Contemporary Emblems. By Harold Bayley. 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.

356. Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon. Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Alban—together with some others, all of which are now for the first time deciphered and published. By William Stone Booth, Boston and New York de luxe. Cloth, Quarto, pp. 190.

357. Was William Shakespeare A Gentleman? By Samuel A. Tanenbaum, M. D. Illustrated. 8vo., boards, pp. 29.

358. Orthodoxy. By C. T. Chesterton. 12mo., cloth. New York: Macmillan & Co.

356. The German Drama of The Nineteenth Century. By Dr. George Witkowski, Professor in the University of Leipsig. Authorized Translation from the second German Edition. By L. E. Horning, Professor of Teutonic Philology, University of Toronto. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 230. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

360. Ein Konmentar in Shakespeare's Drama "Julius Cæsar," in Bacon's cher Beleuchtung versucht von. Prof. G. Holzer. 4to, paper, pp. 48. Heidelberg: Buchund Kunsdruckerei Rossler and Herbert.

351. From the Messrs. Macmillan we reecive the new edition of Mr. Sidney Lee's well known Life of Shakespeare. In a supplementary Preface Mr. Lee notes several matters that have accrued since his first edition of ten years ago, all of which (except number 3, which Mr. Lee says is from a Ms confided to him only) have been duly chronicled in New Shakespeare-

ANA as they presented themselves. These discoveries are: (1) The Archbishop Plume entry that Sir John Mennes "once saw his [Shakespeare's] father in his shop, a merry cheeked old man who said 'that Will was a good honest fellow, but he darest have cracked a jest with him at any time.'" (NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, V. 107). (2) The record showing that Shakespeare himself finally paid the 13s. 4d. of taxes left unpaid by him on quitting residence in St. Helen's parish. (NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, III, 104). (3) The name of Shakespeare in a list of names of persons who had been improperly granted coat armour at the Herald's College, thus corroborating the familiar scandal. (4) The Rutland "Imprese," devised by Shakespeare and painted by Burbage. (NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, V. 51), and (5) Professor Wallace's discovery of the Complaint, Answer and Decree in the equity case of Shakespeare (impleaded) against Matthew Bacon et al. (NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, V. 1). As we have more than once echoed the demurrer at the somewhat scant approbation extended by British Shakespeareans to our Professor Wallace's marvellous industry and its reward, we are all the more happy to present Mr. Lee with our compliments upon his acknowledgment of the exceeding value of Professor Wallace's remarkable Find! On the other hand there are some chronicles from our pages that Mr. Lee does not appraise as worth mention (as e. g, Mr. Cargill's revealments from certain town records as to English actors in Scotland. (NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, V. 25). Mr. Lee's faith in the Editorial myth of "Heminges and Condell" is still gallant, not to say pathetic. He still handles the Baconian (he knows of no Derbyan or Rutlandian) Theory, as it stood in 1848 in Col. Hart's Romance of Yachting—its present tense, and the greater name of Emerson, impresses him no whit! As in earlier impressions, Mr. Lee devotes the bulk of his space to Southampton. From its convenient size its capital letterpress comprehensive contents and admirable Index, this will be always a favorite hand-book of the life of the Dramatist and its peculiarities are not obtrusive and will not prevent its usefulness. The Messrs. Macmillan also send us [353] a revised and comprehensive glossary, or Lexicon and Concordance, uniform with the dainty little Temple Shakespeare.

352. The purport of this admirable and distinguished work of Dr. Spingarn's can best be summed in a paraphrase from one of his own paragraphs. The Fundamental problem of Renissance criticism was the justification of imaginative literature. The existence and continuity of the aesthetic consciousness; and—in a less degree—of the critical faculty throughout the Middle Ages cannot be denied. But a distrust of literature

was keenest among the very class of men in whom the critical faculty might be presupposed; and it was as the handmaid of philosophy and, most of all, as the vassal of theology, that poetry was chiefly valued. Poetry, therefore, was disregarded or contemned, or if valued at all was valued for virtues that least of all belong to poetry! When, therefore, we come to consider Renaissance Literary Criticism, we must confront it with the necessity of justifying its appreciation of the vast body of literature which the Revival of Learning had recovered for the world no less than to meet and assess the new literature which that Revival stimulated. On these lines Dr. Spingarn's concise pages are devoted to the Evolution of Literary Criticism in, respectively, Italy, France and England; dealing with the types of literature then comments, the Romantic, the Epic, the Classic, the Philosophical (inclusive of the more or less romantic and speculative guesswork called "Theology"). At the end of the book there is placed a Chronological table of the names of such Critical works as are entitled to be called the Literary Criticism of the sixteenth century! We know of no work which quite fills the gap in scholarship that this work supplies. And by the way, Professor Spingarn points out that Hamlet's advice to the Players is really a piece, and a valuable piece, of Renaissance Literary Criticism! In every way a noble and admirable book.

358. Orthodoxy. By G. T. Chesterton. 12mo., cloth, pp. 298. New York: John Lane Company. Mr. Chesterton is not "Orthodox" himself. There are at least two Canons to which he refuses concurrence. He does not accept the Canon that the person who does NOT write a book is a Public Benefactor, nor the Canon that no one should write a book unless he happens to be an Authority upon the subject matter thereof. Regarded as a warning against non-observation of these Canons this book may be called a success. Regarded in any other light, it is that one thing worse than a Failure—a Bore! Imagine two hundred pages of this sort of trash: "A clergyman may be apparently as useless as a cat. But he is also as fascinating! For there must be some reason for his existence" (page 195). "I freely grant that the Pagans, like the Moderns, were only miserable about everything. They were quite jolly about everything else" (page 296). Nor is there anything in this silly book more coherent or consecutive, though there may be worse attempts at it—than these two specimens of what an English peer would call "bally Rot"! Mr. Chesterton boasts, on page thirteen, that he can write a book on the slightest provocation. We believe him.

356. "There is a vane of Humer into Me!" said the late A. Ward. Mr. William Stone Booth has not only a "vane" but a barrel full at least.

His big folio, "Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon, Etc.," were one to take it seriously, would probably put an everlasting finale on any Baconian Theory whatever. However, no one will take it seriously, except possibly Mr. William Stone Booth himself. But it is not every Great American Humorist—and surely Mr. Booth deserves the title,—that can induce the Riverside Press to serve him up in such splendid dress, and the splendid dress alone fully deserves a considerable review. His big quarto is prefixed with several introductory essays which in the shrewd and really skillful, not to say elegant, way in which they treat commonplace and familiar matter, so as to appear as Mr. Booth's innermost discoveries, fully bubble over with humour, and are, as circus side-show barkers say, alone worth the price of admission. In this case the price of the book (which, by the way, is six dollars)! Mr. Booth's chapter on "Method" is, however, the most side-splitting! It tells us exactly how to read these Acrostic Signatures! To wit: Begin anywhere, either at the beginning or at the end of anything, stanza, a sonnet, a couplet, an act, a scene; anything you please! Meander gracefully in zizzag downwards. Or, if prefered, begin at the end of any of these fragments and meander upwards. In either case you first find your F, then your R, then your A, and so on (taking always the very first letter of the sort you wish, that you come to), and when you get FRANCIS BACON why then, there you are! If indolent or pressed for time, make it FRANCISCO B. or Fr Baco or F. VERU. It really makes no difference whatever! You may be sure that whatever you extract was put there by Francis Bacon or his brother Anthony, or by somebody else. That is to say that wherever there are twenty-five English letters, two of them being A's and two of them B's there is an acrostic signature of Francis Bacon. Given any very considerable number of letters, say a thousand, and we will possess acrostic of all or any of the twenty-six other forms in which Francis afterwards Baron Verulam, Marquis St. Albans and Lord Chancellor signed himself to letters and documents, according to one or another of these additions. All these Arostics are string ciphers, which go as they please in ziz-zag (that is, anyhow) on the plan of Mr. Jo Gargery's diversions in Literature. "Lord when you come to a J. and a O. and says you—here at last is J. O. Jo! Lord, how interestin' readin' is!" So, only find on any page of anything the letters F R A N C I S—or even F R A N. F. R., or even F. B. will do in a pinch—to make it Francisco Bacon, however, a third C is necessary, which is sheer and wanton extravagance! Mr. Booth does not insist on the ciphers or Acrostic Signatures having been placed there by the Bacon brothers. He says on page 44: "There is no need to

suppose that the poet [Bacon?] himself inserted all the signatures. Any one of several competent servants could have done it for him." (That is to say that any competent servant could tamper with the text of Shakespeare without detection—we admit the force of the "competent"!) One person, however, we must include in these "con" men, namely the binder who bound, or at least his workman who assembled the sheets. For he ordered the printer to bring the first two stanzas of the Rape of Lucrece just at the end of a sheet upon which was to be put the signature mark, a great B, so big that no one can fail to see that there is an acrostic on that page, at the bottom of the page in the margin. (Mr. Booth's page 807). This gives Mr. Booth a remarkable good start on a "string acrostic." For in stringing Acrostics (at least Mr. Booth in that funny way he has, calls them acrostics!) Well, well; as King Henry of Navarre said, "I laugh therefore I pardon." We pardon Mr. Booth even for belittlement of the Immortal Bacon or the yet more Immortal Shakespeare. That these two, or this one man spent their, or his days and nights in stringing anything—Acrostics or Posterity (really one must resort to slang sometimes!—is really over lookable—for to laugh is to wax fat and kick! (Mr. Booth says that he has taken the existence of acrostic signatures, etc., as "a working hypothesis! Certainly, let us take the fact that the moon is made out of green cheese as a Working Hypothesis and see what a lovely astronomy we can produce! We rather suspect, too, that Mr. Booth is having the time of his life, grinning at the gentlemen connected with the Institutions of Learning in the vicinity of Boston, and we are assured that they are a many who are at it with rubber-tipped lead pencils, working out Mr. Booth's Acrostic. One of them, a Prof. Wiener of Harvard, has written a careful review of Mr. Booth's work and sends to the Boston Transcript the following estimate: There are sixty signatures employed by Mr. Booth. (I omit the useless ones on Milton which would make the case considerably worse). If he finds two signatures on a page, there are 60x60 ways of arranging these; where he reads three signatures, there are similarly 60x60x60 ways, and where he reads four signatures (there are even five and six signatures), there are 60x60x60x60 ways of arranging these. Adding all these arrangements of signatures (supposing that but one of each occurs each time) and multiplying by the number of times each signature may be read, we arrive at the sum total of 6,326,236,800 possible combinations of Bacon's signatures, of which Mr. Booth has located in Shakespeare and allied works the paltry number of 240, or, approximately, one in twenty-six million. This means that, if all the books of the whole world from the most remote to the

most distant times in the future were to be searched, they would not exhaust all the combinations which Mr. Booth tells us are signatures of Bacon! As a matter of fact, this does not begin to account for all the devices he employs to further his ends. Thus he reads or omits the dramatic personæ or words in brackets, or silent "e's" as they are needed to construct or destroy an acrostic. If all such devices were included in the calculation, the books of Mars and of all other inhabited planets will have to be scrutinized as well as the First Folio for Baconian Signatures! If this big book and this big Review could between them, only sink deeper than ever plummet sounded all the occult and Optic botheration about Bacon! But they wont! And so we actually have exactly six billion three hundred and twenty-six million two hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and four "Arostic Signatures of Francis Bacon!"

Really the aggregation of 6,326,236,800 Acrostic Signatures is the most entrancing volume lately placed before us! If we only had the days of Helpah and Shalum in which to enjoy it to the full, or could carry it with us into Eternity—that would be our idea of Eternal bliss! If one could only pass the Aeons picking 6,326,236,804 Acrostic Signatures, who would trifle with a mere golden harp? The little lawyer in "Aunt Jack" would dwell in happy memory upon his delightful evenings with Byles on Bills. But Byles on Bills is as naught to Booth on Bacon's Acrostic Signatures! Still we doubt not but that some unreasonable and non-humorous Baconian here and there will be indignant at Mr. Booth for again postponing for another half century or so the recognition of The Bacon Shakespeare Authorship question as a really serious Literary Problem.

Either Mr. Booth has eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner, or he is our greatest great American Humorist! Either a writ de Lunatico Inquirendo or a LL.D from Oxford for him!

3. Alongside the avoirdupois of Mr. William Stone Booth's jeu d'esprit Mr. Mark Twain's Is Shakespeare Dead? is a really serious performance, which almost justified old Oxford in creating him (of all others possible—or was it a joke of Oxford upon the United States of America?) an LL.D. Otherwise than in the perspective obligingly afforded by Mr. Booth's Big Joke, we would be rather inclined to say that Mr. Mark Twain's "Is Shakespeare Dead?" was an object lesson of the wisdom of the late Mr. Aldrich's aspiration "Gods grant that I may not write poems when I am old!" (annent Tennyson's "Charge of The Heavy Brigade."), we had prepared ourselves to say that Mr. Twain's performance was a warning to his friends to hide his writing pad if they wished to preserve whatever reputation he had.

For after all, all the old jokes on Bacon and Shakespeare have been cracked over and over again these last forty years!

Mr. Twain says that for fifty years he has believed in the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare. That so fluent and constant a writer as Dr. Twain could have believed in anything for fifty years and kept dark about it in all his hundreds of books, is staggering! As Dr. Carus says about miracles. That they are in the Bible don't prove that they are true, but only that at the date that the Bible was written people believed that they were true. Possibly the reading of Mr. Greenwood's absorbing volume has convinced Dr. Twain that he (Dr. Twain) has believed—or rather disbelieved, etc., etc., for fifty years!

Dr. Twain thinks that no one who reads Shakespeare can doubt—because of his (Shakespeare's) Legal lore—that he (Shakespeare) was Bacon! That view of the matter was of fifty years agone! The present Baconian Theory is based on circumstantial, and not on Internal, evidence. Mr. Devecmon and others have shown that law terms were very commonly used in the dramas of that day. That Shakespeare uses them to better advantage than other dramatists proves nothing. He did everything to better advantage than other dramatists, contemporary or, for that matter, successor.

357. The Shakespeare family, according to Mr. John Pym Yeatman, was of a long line of Royal and reputable Welsh ancestry, running back in fact (see NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, I, 73), to Cadwalon, King of Wales, A. D. 605. Whether William Shakespeare knew of this ancestry or not, he appears in the companionship of the court to have felt the lack of a Coat of Arms, and with his first ability to pay the necessary fees he aplied to the Herald's College to engross upon its records a lapsed entry, for the oldest living of the name (to wit, his father, since naturally the College could not engross a Coat of Arms for a man whose father was without coat Armor!) The only theory upon which the College could act, was by assuming that a certain Coat of Arms had become for some reason de hors the records. Shakespeare's friends heard of his application and called him among themselves—perhaps to his face—the "Gentle" Shakespeare! ("Gentle" meaning in that day,—of good—that is, of "gentle" birth; our word "gentle" seems to have grown to mean sweet tempered—of kindly disposition, from a not always sequiter that high-born people were usually of sweet and kindly dispositions!)

Dr. Tannenbaum, in a neatly printed monograph, admits all the facts of record, and the, to say the least, "fishy" character of the evidence

assumed of this lost Coat of Arms, and the venality of the Kings at Arms who "granted" it, but claims (which we believe nobody has ever denied) that William Shakespeare himself resorted to no fraud and corruption to have himself made a gentleman (page 28).

We think Dr. Tannenbaum is a bit harsh in saying (page 89) that the biographies show Shakespeare to have been "born in poverty and filth, lacking in education and breeding, addicted to loafing—drinking and poaching, guilty of libel and seduction—a fugitive from justice, a hard hearted usurer, an adulterer and so on, ad nauseam (pp. 8-9), a snob (page 11). The very latest biographies limit themselves to his handicap by reason of his poverty "Doubtless" (as Mr. Lee would say) it was because William himself felt something of the sort and did not enjoy it, that he applied for a Coat of Armor for his parent at all!

But Dr. Tannenbaum falls into the same fault of which he accuses Sidney Lee (page 27) of "marring his work by asserting unwarranted authority." It is only by what lawyers call a "negative pregnant" that one can argue from certain remote and unconnected circumstances that a thing is so and so because it might have been inconvenient to somebody else not to have it so and so. That e. g.; that there was a grant of arms properly given because "The supposition that Puritan Dr. Hall would have had these arms sculptured on the Poets Stratford monument, or would have borne them himself, or that other members of the family would have done so if the coat had not been granted is preposterous" (page 19), that "painters and sculptors, gravers, etc., were strictly prohibited from painting or delineating Arms not lawfully borne, and that Deputies of the Kings at Arms had the right to pull down or deface any monument that bore a Coat of Arms not legally assigned to the party claiming it (page 19). That in June, 1597, eight months after (not before) the first application, a verdict had been rendered in Star Chamber proceedings declaring Dethick culpable in granting an unwarranted exemplification to George Rotheram, and he was not likely to repeat the offense, especially when Ralph Brook the watch dog of the College was on the alert for just such an opportunity to attack him (page 27). This is all interesting by way perhaps of "negative pregnant." But it scarcely touches the real question as to whether Shakespeare was by actual fact entitled to a grant of Arms. This question can be solved only to each one's own satisfaction by considering that if, the family had been entitled to bear Arms the family would have had an escutcheon long before Shakespeare's date. English families so entitled rarely go for centuries without them! The Herald's College is not and never was created

to supply Arms for anybody able to pay the fees; but to restore, regulate, record, and generally keep track of coat armour existant, however in abeyance. We can't ask the Registrar of New York County to give us a deed of the City Hall or the Vanderbilt mansion, though he will be happy to enter as of the current date when handed in any title deeds we may happen to possess of those desirable properties.

Mr. Tannenbaum's book, while not exactly a Lucus a non lucendo, is hardly convincing. It is certainly a tasteful bit of bookery, and we are very glad to place it on our shelves.

359. Apart from some small formal changes this edition differs from the first in that a survey of Modern German Romantic Opera is treated of in a special chapter, and that Dramatists who have become important prior to the year 1900, are surveyed. (Dr. Witowski believing that those of the last decade of the nineteenth century are too recent for just critical estimate), and of Maeterlinck's work thinks Monna Vanna the most finest. Dr. Witowski appears among the newer Dramatists to reckon Hauptmann as the greatest. An interesting minute is made of the fact that "Germans find Shakespeare their model because they desire the greatest possible simplicity in language and clearness of plot, a wit that strikes like lightning every time a poetic and a moral power!" "That Otto Ludwig, finding that he could not satisfy himself as a Dramatist, confined himself to producing Dramatic criticism, which he called generically "Shakespeare Studien!" The book also contains a brief but informing reference to Frederick Nietzche (page 169), whom Dr. Witowski calls "the poet of Aristocracy. He (Nietzche) sees in the masses, says Dr. Witowski, "merely the tools of the great. The duty of mankind is to produce unique men, philosophers, artists, saints; in short—Supermen! He gives to the strong the right to rule the weak and the low."

360. Prof. Holzer, who is a Professor in the renowned University of Heidelberg, and a convinced Baconian, holds that in this work he has structurally demonstrated that Bacon must have been the sole author of the Julius Caesar, and that there is scant escape from so much at least, of Baconitis, as this demonstration effects. "In fact," says Prof. Holzer, "this book of mine is only a confirmation of what Gervinus announced in his (1849) commentaries as an internal and structural Fact, to wit, the close affinity of Bacon's acknowledged Works to the Shakespeare Plays.

To meet a constant demand by the student and the general reader for good and serviceable editions of the older English dramas, a new series,

The Swan Dramatists, has been undertaken. The first two volumes are Marlowe's *The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus* and Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*. The publishers are The Sturgis and Walton Company, 31-33 East 27th St., New York City.

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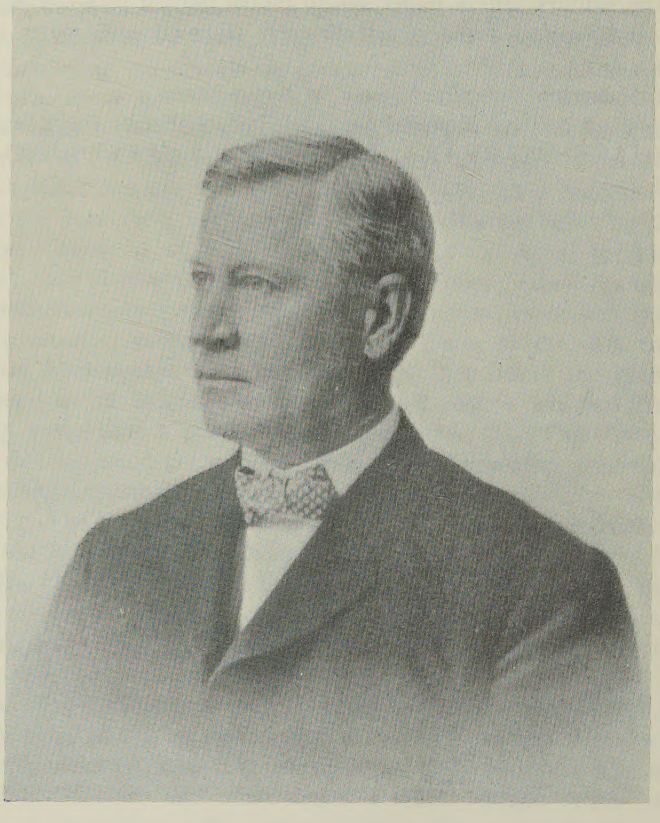

HON. WILLIS VICKERY.

President of The New York Shakespeare Society.